The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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Open the Shutters.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

"OPEN the shutters and let in the sun,"
Cheerily thus the poem did run;
But where I have read it, or how long ago,
Or what the next line is, I'm sure I don't know;
But I often have thought, as I called it to mind,
The advice it contained was both needful and kind;
And I think 'twould be well, in more places than one.
To "open the shutters and let in the sun."

Those one-idea Christians, both foreign and near,
Who think that religion is sombre and drear,
Who wear a long face, and love a sad voice,
And think it is wicked to laugh and rejoice —
Whose hearts are shut out from God's beauty so tight
That they're covered with mildew and wasted with blight,
Would find their enjoyment had only begun,
If they'd "open the shutters and let in the sun."

The young man whose talents by nature are fine,
Who is wasting them idly on euchre and wine,
Who has seed rich and plenteous sown in his heart,
Where the weeds are abundant, preventing their start —
Would find, if he'd pile up the rubbish around,
And cut down the weeds that o'ershadow the ground,
Buds, blossoms and fruit would appear one by one,
As he "opened the shutters and let in the sun."

There are some idle women, both youthful and old,
Whose hearts are imprisoned in fashion's stronghold;
Whose thoughts range no deeper or loftier than
A love of a bonnet, or a duck of a fan.
I would they could see, with one glance of the eye,
All the woe, want, and misery of earth sweeping by;
I think a new light on their spirits would dawn,
As they "opened the shutters and let in the sun."

Now, if I have stolen some poet's fine verse,
And clothed it in garments which make it look worse,
I really am sorry, but do not see how
The poet can help it, or I either, now;
My muse wouldn't wait while I searched o'er and o'er
For the poem I read such a long time before,
Of whose numerous lines I remembered but one —
"Open the shutters and let in the sun."

Only a Week.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU have not as good heart to-night, John, as you had yesterday."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you hesitate so long before answering my questions, and you look unhappy and undecided."

"No, Alf, you are wrong in your understanding of my looks. Unhappy I may be, but not undecided."

"Then certainly your looks belie you; for I cannot understand how you can look so wretched if you have fully made up your mind to go, and are contented with your decision."

"I am wretched, Alf, because I am leaving so good a home, and so kind a mother and father."

"Yes, yes, John, I know. But I wouldn't make myself unhappy about that. You and I are going to seek our fortunes. We shall be so rich, by and by, that these homes we are now leaving will seem like beggars huts beside our palaces."

John made no reply. To tell the truth would be to say that he had repented of his bargain, and would much rather stay than go, as he had promised his friend that he would do.

The two boys, John Jenks and Alf Dennis, had made a plan, so like what a great many boys have made before them that I hardly need describe it. And yet every boy puts his mark

upon everything he does, enough to make his ways interesting.

When, some months before the time at which this story begins, Alf Dennis had grown restless at home, and decided to run away, he went to his friend John Jenks, and said:

"John, I am tired of this hum-drum life, and I am determined to go and seek my fortune."

John had replied: "I will go with you." and so with the impulse of a moment, he had spoken words which committed him to an act from which he shrank with fearful misgivings.

Yet there were times when John thought with pleasure of the plan; for he was like most boys and had the foolish notion in his head, that it would make a man of him to go away from home and try the world for himself.

"Have you decided, Alf, whether we go to New York or Boston?"

"Yes."

"Which is it?"

"New York."

"And why did you settle upon New York? I thought when last we talked of it, you said that we should be much more likely to be followed on that track than on the one to Boston."

"I did say so."

"Then why have you chosen it?"

"Because we shall have so much better opportunity to find a ship going to China from New York, than from any other port, that I have decided to go there even at greater risk."

"You are right, Alf, I do not believe they will be much more likely to suspect us of going New York-ward than Boston-ward. And the risk will certainly be less in the end, if we get away quicker."

"Yes, John, I have thought of that. The first day, our friends will be so confused they will hardly know which way to turn. And in the after days we shall be most likely to escape them by getting to sea as soon as possible."

"Have you fully decided on China?"

"I think so. I have heard of more rich men who had made their money there than in any other foreign country."

"So have I. I was thinking of that the other day. I had an uncle who made a great fortune trading in China silks."

"Was he long in making it?"

"I do not remember. If I was ever told how long he was away from home, I have forgotten now."

"I wonder if he ran away as a beginning?"

"No, I think not. I am quite sure that I have heard mother say that he was sent for to come and take the place of a clerk that died."

"I should think one would be a long time getting rich on a clerk's salary."

"Oh, he became a partner in the House after he had been there a while."

"How long? Do you know?"

"No. I never heard the particulars about him. I only know that when I was young—"

"What are you now?"

"Well I mean when I was a boy."

"What are you now?"

"Don't tease me, Alf, I mean when I was a *little* boy, I remember to have seen beautiful presents which were said to have come from China, from our rich uncle."

"That's what will be said of us by and by John. We shall be somebody's rich uncle, and send home presents from afar."

"I wish the time were come. I like the thought of giving our friends pleasure, but"—Here John's voice trembled, and he was silent again.

"I know what you would say. It will be all right when we are at the top of the ladder of fortune, but this first step is not agreeable."

"It is not exactly that. I would not care for the pain and inconvenience for myself; but I am not ashamed to confess, that it hurts me to give pain to my father and mother."

"Yes, I understand that, John. But you must remember that we do not give our parents lasting pain. They may have some troubled days about us this summer; but there will be many summers afterward in which they will be thankful for this anxiety."

"I wish I felt as sure of that, as you do!"

"Why John, your faith is not failing you is it?"

"No, I am very hopeful as to results. But there is a great chasm between the present and that far-away future of prosperity,"

"I know that, John. But it is the appointed way, first to win, then to have. The fortune would not be worth half as much to us, if we could have it without getting."

"I believe all that. I am not thinking about ourselves.

"Well, the same thing is true for our friends. They would not enjoy our being rich and prosperous as much, if it came at a bound, as they

will with this little shadow on the foreground of the picture."

"I don't quite believe that, Alf. If I could get to China, without giving my mother pain, I am quite sure that I would do it. Whatever *we* may need to make our future prosperity safe to us, I don't believe our parents need the pain that we are about to give them."

"If they do not need it, why are they so unwilling to let us go away? We could go to China without running away if they were willing to give their consent."

"Then you think that their willingness to our plans must be earned by suffering. Do you believe that our mothers will grow reconciled to our absence, in the sleepless nights that they will spend after we are gone?"

"Possibly not in the first of them. It will only be after we begin to prosper that they will grow reconciled. 'There's nothing succeeds like success' I once heard a great man say, and I believe it."

"So do I believe it, as far as the world is concerned. But I cannot count mothers hearts just as you count the indifferent crowds of men."

"Well, we shall see, John, in the great by and by."

"All this we must leave, with so many other things that are hidden in the future. Since we have decided to go, and all our plans are laid, we have got to take some things on trust, and leave some things in unsatisfactory ways. I think our only question now is, how to best and most speedily accomplish what we have undertaken."

"Now you talk like a man, John. I like to hear you say that."

"When are we to go, Alf?"

"To-night."

"What?"

"Yes, to-night. Are you surprised at this decision? Think what you have just said, 'It is our one question how best and most speedily to accomplish what we have ungertaken,' and my mind is made up to break right away and go at once."

"But Alf, I do not think I can go back home to get my things and get away again to-night, without being suspected."

"Then you mustn't go to your home again."

"What! do you mean to advise that I shall go without carrying any clothing with me?"

"Certainly. The less encumbrance we have, the better off shall we be. As we must make our journey on foot, we have no strength to waste in carrying bundles."

"Very well, I am quite agreed to that. And what time are we to start?"

"Not before midnight. It will not do for us to take the road while there are travellers upon it, for that would be to defeat our plans in the very beginning. We don't want anybody to see and report us before we get a day's journey out from home."

"No, certainly not."

"Then we must take great care in getting away. We will not go out of the town together even at that late hour. We will meet at Rye Bridge at midnight, you going to it by the east route, and I by the north."

"Very well, I will be there at the appointed hour." *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

Flowers in the Grass.

After dandelions, buttercups;
After buttercups, clover;
One blossom follows another one,
Over, and over, and over.

And the sweet satisfying green
Is round about them all;
First to be here in Spring-time,
Staying last in the Fall.

Just as God's love is first and last,
With human loves between,
Scccessive blossoms which he sends
Through His all-present green.

Only when cometh the clover.
Lifting her honeyed crest,
Always within our heart's choice,
We like the dandelions best.

So here and there in Autumn time,
Their lonely faces smile,
Like likenesses of vanished things,
Which we had lost awhile.

After dandelions, buttercups;
Then daisies and clover;
One blessing touches another one.
Over, and over, and over.

But O, behind, beyond, around,
Between them and above,
Rises the satisfying green,
The Everlasting Love.

—*The Christian Woman.*

CHILDREN, do not form the habit of making excuses. If you have done wrong, be willing to confess it. A person who is quick at making excuses is not likely to be good at anything else, or to be loved and honored. Be honest and frank.

Georgie's Feast.

"PLEASE give me a cherry."

"No sir! These are my cherries. I picked them all myself and I'm not going to give them away."

"Well, can't you give a fellow just a few? You've picked all there are on the tree."

Well then, you should have come earlier. I've had too hard a time to get them, I should think, to have them all teased away from me."

"O come away, Dick," said Alfred, "and let old Greediness have his cherries, if he wants to get up at five o'clock to get the start of us. Come on, and let him have his feast."

Mike, the gardener, went off with his wheelbarrow, laughing and saying, "Masther George got the sthart of you for once," as if it did him a deal of good.

Dick and Alfred went off down to the river with their fishing lines, and soon forgot all about the cherries in the fun of catching fish for a good dinner. But Georgie sat down under his cherry-tree, and ate his cherries, one by one, with great relish. All too soon he reached the bottom (or rather the top) of his hat, for they tasted just as good when he had done as when he begun. It did not trouble him in the least that they would have tasted equally good to Dick or Alfred. They were his cherries, fairly gathered, and who had a better right to them?

At noon Dick and Alfred came home with a

nice string of fish, that were served up crisp and hot about two o'clock, for dinner. But somehow Georgie didn't care for any of them. His head ached and he lay on the sitting room lounge untempted by the savory smell that came from the dining room. Before night the doctor was summoned, and everybody was flying about, wondering what could ail Georgie. But at length the cherries came up, and the cause of his suffering was clear enough.

Dick and Alfred were too much frightened about him to say a word about his greediness. But the next morning when he lay in bed too pale and weak to get up, he said in a shamefaced way:

"You better believe next time you can have all the cherries. I never want to see another. Served me just right, anyhow."

"O, not so bad as that," said Dick. "Next time we'll all go shares, on fish and cherries too."

H. A. B.

Maggie's Visit.

MAGGIE Mason was a little girl that lived in the city, and did not often have a chance to run about in the pleasant country. Great was her delight to hear her mother say one day, to her father, "What do you think of my writing to mother, and asking her if Maggie can spend the summer there? I think it would do her good to leave school awhile; she does not look as rosy and plump as I wish she did."

"I've been thinking she looks too much like a lily," said her father, playfully pinching her cheeks until the roses came there, "Yes, wife, you'd better write to-day."

Now of all things, Maggie loved to go into the country to Grandma Benson's, and she could hardly be patient until the reply came to her mother's letter. When it came she fairly danced for joy when her mother read — "Yes, Maggie may come and welcome." So it was decided Maggie should go, and the first of the succeeding week found her flitting in and out of her grandmother's open doors, as happy as a bird.

No fear of her getting lonely and dull there; for besides her dear grandmother, that everybody loved (or ought to, Maggie thought) there was

FLECK.

Uncle Edward, and Aunt Harriet his wife, and three cousins; George and Kate very near her own age, and little chubby Eddie, a black-eyed baby boy just entering his second summer.

Then there were the hens and chickens that she loved to throw the yellow corn to; the ducks that she never tired of seeing splash about in the brook below the house; and the bossy Fleck, standing in the barn yard or with his head through the pasture bars, that the children used to feed with handfuls of grass, holding them out timidly and jumping when they felt the great, rough tongue touch their fingers; the games of croquet, the swing on the old oak tree, the flowers and many things that were new and beautiful to her.

In the back yard, there was a small heap of sand that some masons had left; this the children considered a great treasure, and many happy hours they spent playing with it.

Sometimes they would make it into a smooth round heap and put a flag on the top of it, and call it a fort, and play they were soldiers storming it, and would pelt it with sand until Georgie would rush up and seize the flag and shout "Victory," like a hero.

Their grandmother told them that if they should pick flowers, and put in the sand, and

keep them well watered, they would keep fresh a long time. This they liked much better than storming forts, and many a pleasant ramble they had in the fields and meadows, in search of wild flowers. Sometimes they spread the sand out until only a few inches thick, and put pretty stones around it to keep it in place, and called it a flower-bed. And really beautiful it looked, when filled with bright flowers and green leaves. At other times they would build with their blocks, a castle, and lay out drives and walks around it, taking branches of the fragrant fern for trees. Again they would form it into a beautiful pyramid of brilliant colors.

Scarcely a pleasant day passed that they were not arranging flowers, or gathering them to arrange in their sand garden. One time Maggie thought she saw some beautiful yellow and black flowers growing in a field of waving grain, and what was her surprise, on hastening to them, to see them fly away! It was a flock of yellow birds that she saw, sitting on the slender stalks and daintily regaling themselves on the half-grown seeds. At a little distance they did indeed look like gorgeous flowers, and one not accustomed to the sight, might easily mistake them for floral beauties.

Many a pleasant picture of country life did Maggie see that summer, and often she wished that every little girl had a dear grandmother in the country that she could spend the summer with. At some future time I may tell the little readers of the MYRTLE something of Maggie's Rambles. *H. H. D.*

Youth and Old Age.

As ripe fruit is sweeter than green fruit, so is age sweeter than youth, provided the youth were grafted into Christ. As harvest-time is a brighter time than seed-time, so is age brighter than youth; that is, if youth were a seed-time for good. As the completion of a work is more glorious than the beginning, so is age more glorious than youth; that is, if the foundation of the work of God were laid in youth. As sailing into port is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth; that is, when the voyage from youth is made with Christ at the helm.—*Ex.*

SMALL faults are but little thieves, and if indulged in, lead but to greater ones.

Vacation Visits.

Dear Readers: — August was "vacation time" to many of our readers, old and young. Common schools, and Sunday Schools, churches, colleges, and seminaries of all kinds, had vacations. And many who were much engaged in business life, took an August vacation. We had a vacation privilege among the rest, and improved it in various ways, partly in staying at home, and partly in going abroad.

Among the places of interest visited by us was that part of the British Queen's Dominion called East Canada. Passing over the routes that lay through the mountainous regions of New Hampshire and Vermont, we found ourselves at the close of one bright day, beyond these hill regions, in an open prairie land, approaching Montreal. It was night when we passed over that grand structure across the St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge, into the city of Montreal.

And a large city it is, with a population of over 130,000. It was founded in 1642, on the site of an Indian village named Hochelaga. The city is on a large island of the same name. It is at the head of ship navigation, and contains some of the most solid and elegant buildings on the continent. Among these are the new Court House, on Notre Dame street, the Post Office Merchant's Exchange, Mechanics' Institute, and many banks.

A charming day for a nine miles drive around Mount Royal, invited us to take our place with other friends in a convenient carriage, with a driver in eager readiness to show us "the sights" and to give us our money's worth of observations. We saw all that our guide pointed out to us, and a great deal more. The country north of the city, on the other side of Mount Royal, was one grand landscape of field and forest, dwellings and streams, a landscape which indicated a plentiful harvest for the farmers. One thing we could not help noting, and that was the abundance of the apple crop. Here in New England we left most of the apple-trees with leaves and scarcely any fruit upon them. Around Montreal we saw the trees loaded with apples, many of them so heavily that but few leaves could be seen. So let us be assured that if the apple crops should fail this year with us New Englanders, our Canadian neighbors will have some to spare for our benefit.

Space would fail to write much of all the notable places we visited. The French Cathedral, on Notre Dame street, was one. This is a solid edifice, and somewhat good looking within, but it did not come up to our expectations. The paintings were quite ordinary, and there was altogether too much tinsel-work to suit our ideas of good taste in church decoration. But it suited our Catholic friends, we presumed, and we were willing they should enjoy it all, if it would help to make them good Christians.

The most elegant building we visited in this city was the new Church of the Jesuits. The frescoing within is equal to any work of the kind we had ever seen. Some of the scenes represented were admirably designed, especially the Adoration of the Magi, and the Employment of the Holy Family at Nazareth. There is also an oil-painting of the Baptism of a European Prince in the Catholic church, that may be ranked among the most admirably finished paintings in the world.

We went into a Convent to be present at noon-time, when the nuns came in to their devotions. There was a large number of visitors from abroad on either side of the room. Before the nuns appeared, one humble Sister went around and knelt and performed special devotions before the painting of every Catholic Saint in the room. We could not help wishing that the paintings were more worthy of this attention given to them. They were poor daubs. Presently the nuns appeared, headed by the Lady Superior. Crossing themselves, after dipping their fingers in the font of holy water, they all knelt in procession in the center of the chapel, and chanted their responses in a low and plaintive tone, the Lady Superior leading in the devotions. The Convent bell rang for twelve during their exercises. We were particularly interested with the old door-keep of the chapel. He was for a long time constantly ushering in strangers and seating them. But every time, before going out again, he turned towards the Holy Cross, dipped his finger in the holy water, knelt and bowed. As he was somewhat lame, his perseverance and endurance in these ceremonies seemed more worthy of notice.

We visited the English Cathedral, a Protestant edifice. It was undergoing repairs inside; it is a noble structure, and is said to be the most perfect specimen of the Gothic style of church architecture in America.

We went into the principal market. There was a good variety of meat and vegetables, and we find that prices were much lower than in the States. Such massive melons and cucumbers we have seldom seen. In the basement story of the market all sorts of goods and trinkets were for sale. But the women who were the principal dealers, were very shy of our American money. They shook their heads at our silver, and called our little three cent bits "good for nothing!" They wanted Canada currency.

McGill College is a grand building here. It was founded by Hon. James McGill, who bequeathed a valuable estate and £10,000 for its endowment. It is delightfully situated at the base of Mount Royal, and commands an extensive view.

The Victoria Bridge is a remarkable structure. It is of iron, supported by twenty-four piers and two abutments. The contents of the masonry is 3,000,000 of cubic feet. The weight of iron in the tubes is 8,000 tons. The following are the dimen ions of the tubes through which the trains pass in the middle span, viz.: 22 feet high, 16 feet wide; at the extreme ends, 19 feet high and 16 feet wide. The total length from the river bank is 10,284 feet, or about 50 yards less than two English miles.

Beside the drive around the mountain there is another of much interest on the Lachine road, leading to a village of that name, nine miles from the city. The road is directly along the banks of the river, presenting scenery of great beauty and grandeur. It is a lovely drive, and if the proper hour is selected, a view may be had of the descent of the steamer over the rapids. This is a feat which is daily performed, and which most travellers seem to enjoy. They are welcome to their daring. We concluded that we should not join that expedition at any time. They call it quite safe, although very exciting. But why exciting, if it is so exceedingly safe? This was the Yankee question that we had to ask about it. A friend told us that the morning before, as he came down, the steamer grazed a rock, and came near getting hard usage! But as catastrophes have seldom occurred here, the adventuring goes on. We shall not promise to be responsible for any accidents that may take place there.

We cannot give any great idea of Montreal in a little letter like this; but we wanted to tell our young readers that we had been there during our summer vacation, and had enjoyed our sight-seeing greatly. We hope that some time many of them may have a similar pleasure. If they see the city and its surroundings as we saw them, they will be glad of the opportunity thus given them.

In another letter we will give our readers some account of our visit to the old and noted city of Quebec.

Rev. J. G. Adams.

Sunday School Singing.

We find in the New York *Independent*, some interesting remarks about Sunday School singing. Some of our readers will agree with them.

"In Sunday School singing there are many advantages in the song-roll, or the song-sheets, where the words of the hymn are printed in large and clear type, on a sheet suspended in sight of the entire school. It is better for children's heads to be upright instead of bowed over a book while they sing, the neck and throat being then freer for the full play of the voice. Greater harmony also is secured when all who sing fasten their eyes on the same sheet, and together follow the leader who stands near it. Moreover, in these days of multiplying Sunday School books, it is next to impossible for any school to have a supply of the freshest and best children's hymns, without some plan of culling the half dozen good ones from the half hundred poor ones published by each newly competing publisher of the latest collection of such music.

"Any superintendent can obtain a set of stencil plates and brush and ink for a mere trifle, and one of his teachers or scholars can print, in a very short time, the hymns needed for his school, on single sheets of paper or muslin, and have them to hang before the school as needed, This is a vast improvement on any singing book in existence."

Our Serial Story.

We have the pleasure to announce that we commence this week a *serial story* written for the children of the MYRTLE, by Mrs. E. M. Bruce, whom they will remember as the writer of those charming letters from England a year and a half ago She has been spending the summer in this her native land, and has made the writing of this story a part of her summer work. We suspect that the heroes do not exist in her own imagination only, but that it is in some measure a real story of real boys. However that is her secret which we can only guess at.

As there is so little room in the MYRTLE for pictures, stories, news and all, we shall for the present publish its chapters every other week. If it becomes so interesting that its readers cannot wait so long, we may be persuaded to give it oftener, but we must think of variety, as well as unity.

Goodness Will Triumph.

Goodness is stronger than evil, and will not be overcome by it. God is Love; and love is the greatest power in the universe. The religion of Jesus is the religion of love, and must therefore be the best religion in the universe. Christ came to put away sin, and to bring men into harmony with goodness,—with God. God's power will subdue all enemies against it, and he will be all in all.

——The Christian era was first used in the reckoning of time, about the year 527, by Dionisius, a monk of Sythia and a Roman abbott. It was not introduced into Italy until the sixth century. It was used in England as early as the year 680. It was generally adopted in the eighth century, and it was ordained by the Council of Chelsea in July 816 that all bishops should date their acts from the day of the birth of our Saviour. We write now *Anno Domini*, year of our Lord, 1871.

THAT noted preacher, Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, says of a church of twenty-seven hundred members, he has never had to expel one who was received when a child. He believes in taking children into the church. He exhorts parents, Sabbath School superintendents, and teachers to believe in it and work for it.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LIV.

THE FEEDING OF THE FOUR THOUSAND.

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xv. 32–39; xvi. 1–5; Mark viii. 1–13.

Question. — How large was the multitude that was with Jesus?

Answer. — Matt. xv. 38.

Q. — How long had they been with him?

A. — Matt. xv. 32.

NOTE. We must not conclude, because there were few or no inhabitants in some parts of Palestine, that the land was poor and unproductive. The Jews lived mainly in cities and villages and not upon their lands. And it seems that cities and villages were so far from where Jesus was, that the people could not readily obtain food.

Q. — What did Jesus say to his disciples respecting the multitude?

A. — Matt. xv. 32.

Q. — What reply did the disciples make?

A. — Matt. xv. 33.

Q. — How many loaves of bread had they?

A. — Matt. xv. 34.

Q. — What other food did they have?

A. — Matt. xv. 34.

Q. — What command did Jesus give?

A. — Matt. xv. 35.

Q. — What did Jesus do before distributing the food among the people?

A. — Matt. xv. 36.

Q. — Were they all satisfied by the food?

A. — Matt. xv. 37.

Q. — How much was left?

A. — Matt. xv. 37.

Q. — Near what place did Jesus go after working this miracle?

A. — Matt. xv. 39.

NOTE. Magdala is supposed to have been near Tiberias. St. Mark mentions Dalmanutha. The ruins of the place show that it was a well situated and flourishing town.

Q. — Who came to him here with a question?

A. — Matt. xvi. 1.

NOTE, This is almost the only instance in the New Testament in which the Pharisees and Sadducees united, in opposition to Christ.

Q. — What did they ask?

A. — Matt. xvi. 1.

NOTE. The Chaldeans were well informed of the signs of the weather. And Christ assures them that if they could only read the signs of the times as well, they would ask for no special sign from him.

Enigma.

"Where have ye laid him?" Jesus said:
They answered "Come and see;"
'Twas Martha's brother that was dead:
And Jesus? What did he?

When David to the temple went,
He and his hungry men,
And ate the holy shew-bread sent,
Who was the High Priest then?

After the Lord was crucified
And in their midst did stand,
Who felt the spear-thrust in his side,
And nail-prints in his hand?

Who came for his sick servant's sake
And such strong faith revealed,
That Jesus marvelled: and did make
The servant to be healed.

Once Joseph, Mary and the child,
Away to Egypt fled,
And there the precious hours beguiled,
Until what king was dead?

My whole it is a motto good,
A guard lest harm befall,
A simple thing that Jesus would
Have done for one and all.

Answers.

SEPT 16. Zechariah; Timothy; Og; Deuteronomy; Africa; Nathan; Gideon. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth."

Job; Eden; Ruth; Uriah; Samuel; Absalom; Lebanon; Elijah; Mordecai. Jerusalem.

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In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

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